

# The Revolution.

Devoted to the Interest of Woman and Home Culture.

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## Editorial Notes.

**THE** woman who marries for a home pays a high price for real estate.

A WISCONSIN woman, the mother of twenty children, thinks that if people are made perfect through suffering, she must have nearly reached that point.

It is well to preach against cruelty to animals; but judging from the reports in the papers, the society most wanted now is one to prevent cruelty to wives.

THERE will be a grand meeting of the friends of our cause in this city on Thursday next week. Our readers will please bear the fact in mind and govern themselves accordingly. Mrs. Howe never speaks without saying something.

A YOUNG lady who went to Europe last Summer, taking with her only a small carpet-bag, has returned with sixteen well-filled trunks. But there is nothing strange in this. The carpet-bag is simply a rudimentary trunk, and a young lady without a trunk would be like a young elephant without a proboscis.

THE *Spectator* thinks that if a woman likes pearls, and looks pretty in pearls, and can afford pearls after satisfying other and higher claims, she has a right to pearls, without any reference to any standard whatever, except her own judgment, or any regard for the fact that there are people who cannot buy pearls, just as there are people who cannot buy boots. Which is the Gospel of ungodliness; the other Gospel says potatoes for the hungry before pearls for the pretty.

It is the gift season. Spare the children the customary infliction of candy and other indigestibles. Give tools rather than toys. Buy no books with horrible pictures and silly rhymes, in the vain hope that things which ought to scare can possibly amuse. Give your child the satisfaction of making a present to some playmate poorer than himself. If injudicious friends shower presents on your children, protect them with an umbrella of protestations. A torrent of gifts is as injurious to children as a torrent of rain to young and tender plants.

MRS. STANTON says, in the last number of the *Golden Age*, "there are four so-called national organizations" of woman suffragists; "one on the Pacific Slope, of which Mrs. Emily Pitts Stevens is President; the Northwestern, of which Mrs. Addie Hazlett is President; the Boston wing, called the "American," of which Mrs. Lucy Stone is President; and the National Suffrage Committee, of which I am President." But the "Pacific Slope" and the "Northwestern" do not claim to be, nor are they called, national organizations. Perhaps it would be

better if some other organizations were less pretentious in name, and more comprehensive in ideas and practical in method and aim.

MISS MARY A. BOOTH, editor of the *Bazar*, has translated about thirty volumes from the French, among which are six volumes of Martin's celebrated "History of France;" and, besides this, is the author of the "History of New York," which is a standard work of real value. A modest, retiring woman she is, making no noise in the world, shunning notoriety and public occasions, keeping clear of gossip-mongers and all other gaddies, and putting more culture and conscience into her work than three quarters of the men and nine-tenths of the women have any conception of. Those who read the publications of a great House like that of the Messrs. Harper, have little idea of the amount of brain force it exhausts.

THE President has set his foot fairly upon one essential feature of Mormonism, by declaring that the laws respecting polygamy must be executed. The "Saints" may be as saintly as they please, but they are not to be allowed to call their particular sin saintliness, nor to shield their sensuality under the sacred name and protections of religion. They can believe and worship as they please; it is not their faith but their works that the Government is concerned with. And there is no religion under heaven that will make bigamy either than an abomination. Mormonism is an attempt to naturalize an Asiatic plague in American soil; and the plague is none the less disgusting and fatal because its advocates call it health and its victims agree to pronounce it wholesome.

THE wants of Chicago are only temporarily supplied. There are 50,000 people reduced to the verge of starvation. The cold increases their wants, and at the best the suffering must be immense. Let the needs of this vast army of suffering women and children be kept close in mind, and do with a less expensive shawl, or set of furs, or evening entertainment in order to relieve needs that are so pressing. We would not give much for the comfort of the costliest cloak Stewart has unless it is lined with a splendid gift to some of the gownless and shoeless women on the lake shore, and the woman who can wear a thousand-dollar diamond without sending a check for one hundred dollars to the Relief Committee, and does not feel her bosom blister with shame every time she puts it on, has lost the jewel of her womanhood.

THE energy and devotion shown by the women of Chicago in the present terrible emergency are above all praise. Women born in wealth and brought up in luxury have lost everything, and been reduced to the threshold of beggary; but they bear their deprivations with heroism, and make the best of their lot,

and do their best to cheer their husbands and fathers and comfort those who have suffered more than themselves. There is something inspiring in the way the young women who never knew a hardship nor did a day's work, except at the toilet, forget all their luxuries and refinements and give their time and strength in working for the destitute. Many a young woman will learn her first lesson of usefulness in this high school of calamity, and thank the misfortune that transferred her from dollhood to womanhood.

MISS LYDIA E. BROKER has made quite a name in England by her able and judicious advocacy of the franchise for women. She edits the *Woman's Suffrage Journal*, an interesting monthly, published at Manchester, which says: Parliament makes laws for women; we ask that it shall be responsible to women for the laws it makes. Our difficulty is that we have to appeal not to an impartial umpire, but to the very despotism from which we desire to be freed. Over and over again have we heard men allege, as a reason for refusing our demand for the franchise, their own opinion that it would not be good for women to have votes. It never seems to occur to such men that this is no answer to a woman who asks for a vote as a matter of justice. As well might a debtor refuse to discharge his obligations on the ground that in his judgment the money would not be good for his creditor; as well might a master refuse freedom to a slave because, in his opinion, liberty would be injurious to a negro, as men refuse free government to women on the ground that, in their judgment, it would be "a calamity and a curse to them."

THE *Hartford Courant*, an ably conducted paper opposed to woman suffrage, recently contained an elaborate article pointing out the way in which women lose their rights. The secret of the difficulty is in the fact that women stop learning when they stop going to school. Their education is finished just when it should begin, and while men are learning most from books, papers and the activities of the world, women are forgetting all they ever learned. This is the short of it, and contains much truth. But why do women cease study so early, and learn so little after quitting school? Why do they get so little discipline and culture from the activities of the world? If our contemporary had pushed his inquiries one step further, he would have found that woman lacks just what all men have—the motive for study and activity which nothing but a noble object can give. Men have all the prizes of life to inspire their ambition and incite them to effort. Woman's lamp goes out for want of the oil that nothing but a great practical purpose can supply. Give women objects to live for, and they will live for objects that will lift them out of all aimless and frivolous ways and give them culture and power.

### Out of Her Sphere.

It is wonderful how a phrase once used to strike with becomes a club thenceforth, and only needs to be pointed at to fill the timid with terror. Words are things, and the most potent things we deal with. Light as air in themselves, they may be filled with what is heavier than lead. Mere bubbles of breath, they may blast like the lightning or kill like bullets. And so a mere phrase snatched up to brand an unfashionable occupation, has become a bludgeon to strike down noble aspirations and frighten timid souls from the field to which their talents call or their necessities urge them.

Exactly what are the boundaries of a woman's sphere in life have never been satisfactorily defined. The line has not been located. It is a matter in dispute. Those excellent dames who draw the boundary at the threshold of the home door have no authority from womankind to settle the question for any but themselves. Moreover, they are often exceedingly inconsistent, and stray across the line they make for others by taking an active part in the great charities in the world. We find these same women zealous workers in the church, the Sunday-school, the mission to the poor, the temperance society, and, in fact, in almost every good cause. Our model wives, mothers and housekeepers are the most active and devoted workers in every great field of reform and beneficence.

Admit that home is woman's sphere. But in order to fill that sphere most completely with intelligent and ennobling service a woman must know something of the great world outside. The true wife must have a knowledge of the business and interests of her husband and the circle in which he moves, the influences which play upon him, and the temptations he is called to meet, in order to be a real helpmate, and afford him the sympathy, advice and support he most needs and which, if she does not give, he will seek elsewhere. The true mother must have a large acquaintance with affairs outside the domestic circle to train her children to self-support, intelligence and efficiency. Indeed, to make her home what it ought to be, and what it must be in the present state of society to meet the wants and minister to the culture of its members, she must have a large acquaintance with society, literature and art, and import into it the best elements the world affords. Her home at the best must be merely the centre of a sphere whose circumference is civilization, humanity, the universe. Her house has the planet for a door-yard and heaven for a roof.

Then there are all these women who have no household duties to perform, no husbands to provide for, no brothers to sew for and be supported by. Admit that the married woman's sphere is restricted to domestic interests and affairs. What precisely is the sphere of the unmarried woman who has to support herself and perhaps her

mother? Shall she go out to domestic service? But she cannot earn a living at that business. She cannot compete with the strong Irish girl who was born in a floorless shanty and had a pig for her first playmate. Nobody wants her. All this talk about American domestics is nonsense. They know too much. They are too independent. They have been brought up too well. They are too good-looking. They will not bear the impudence of a mistress who is their inferior in every respect except that of position. The nice, proper young men who should marry them have not put in an appearance. Pray what are they to do? And if this girl who has mechanical aptitudes, or mercantile tastes, or a faculty for teaching, or a passion for literature, or music, or art, and sets about earning a living in the way Providence tells her to, who shall drive her back and smite her down by the verbal bludgeon "She is out of her sphere?"

"Yes," it will be said, "women may do some things, such as teach, and make dresses and paint—the fine and dainty things of the world; but they must not venture into trades in which they will be brought into competition with men." But we search in vain for the reason of any such restriction. Is man out of his sphere in selling pins and thread and women's underclothes? Does anybody try to frighten a big, burly man from engaging in the millinery business, the manufacture of artificial flowers, waiting on ladies behind counters and in saloons, nursing in hospitals and attending on women in the most delicate and critical periods of life? No limit is set to the activities of man. He can do what he will. The whole world is open to his ambition and invites his endeavor. It is only against woman that there is a bolted door. It is only around woman that there is built a fence. And if from necessity or noble ambition she ventures beyond the traditional paling, society smites her with the verbal club "She is out of her sphere."

It is time this injustice were done away with. It is a bit of childishness that grown-up men and women ought to be ashamed of. Woman is one hemisphere of humanity and man the other; together they make the world. Together, but not apart. There is no feminine knowledge, nor truth, nor goodness, nor love, nor duty, nor earth, nor heaven, nor God, any more than there is a feminine light to see by or air to breathe. The Great Father has not robbed His daughters to pamper His sons. All that belongs to human nature belongs to each and every human being so far as he or she partakes of it, and the sphere of any being is bounded only by its attractions and possibilities. The sooner women spurn all old-time restrictions and refuse to be terrified by catch-words; the sooner they take their faculties as authority to do and be what nature calls them to; the sooner they look on all knowledge and goodness and splendor as their patrimony and invitation, and reach forth to possess and enjoy and

use it, the sooner will the hour of their emancipation come. And woman's emancipation is man's exaltation. When she rises to heaven she carries man with her or draws him after.

### What Woman Suffrage Means.

BY HENRY B. BLACKWELL.

In a recent speech this devoted champion of woman suffrage said, this movement for the higher rights of woman is not a new one. The history of man has been one of progress, and points to this movement. The whole political history of mankind up to the present hour has been nothing but a grasping after political power. The first lowest form of political power is a despotism, but in this earlier form of power mankind found that no sooner does one person gain control than that he abuses that power and becomes aggressive and tyrannical. The next step of political power is to put up a class of men instead of a despot; then we have an aristocracy of birth. The third step is the aristocracy of wealth which now prevails in some of the foreign countries.

There is no country in the civilized world that has gone beyond the third stage except the United States. A great many are in the first stage, as Turkey and the Oriental countries. Austria and Prussia are in the second stage, and England and Holland in the third. When our fathers established this Government they were not in our sense Republicans. The States of this Union had property qualifications. No person was allowed to vote unless he had property. But soon opposition was manifested, and the cry was, let the poor man have a vote, and in a short time these qualifications were removed. The negro was deprived of a vote until the rebellion, but this disability has also been removed. Now the country is no longer an aristocracy of property or of race, but of sex. Every man is a sovereign, every woman a slave.

The question is, have we reached the acme of political power? Is manhood suffrage the final result of this progress that has been going on for years? I think not. As nations become more liberal and enlightened, the tendency is to raise women to the same level as men. In some countries in Europe women vote by property qualifications, and in this country shall they be deprived of the privilege. In England to-day the question of woman suffrage is also being agitated, and it already has able supporters, and is rapidly gaining ground. Shall our country, which boasts of its republican institutions, allow any foreign nation to be more liberal, and grant more rights to the women than she does?

The reason I regard the question of woman suffrage with so much interest is because women are so much unlike men. Because they are wives and mothers they look at the world from a domestic standpoint. They have the interest of their children at heart. Women are so constituted, that in their sympathies they will not

be willing to see their sons and daughters swept away by the demon of intemperance. Women are so made they will not consent to have their husbands and sons driven into the military service to shed their blood in combat, when arbitration or good reasoning may prevent war. Women are so formed that they shrink from brute force. They feel that brute force is not their sphere, because woman's instinct is against war. Woman suffrage, it may be said, means peace. No one need be told the terrible experience it is to lose husband or son on the battle field. The inference, therefore, is that women, if they had the ballot, would be the means of preventing wars.

Woman suffrage in some way means temperance, means good order. It appears from statistics that out of forty women only one is addicted to drink, while out of the same number of men there are twenty addicted to drink. While the temperance societies now are not accomplishing as much as would be desirable, with the aid of the women the temperance cause would triumph. In order to create great moral reforms it will be necessary to give women the ballot. The working men of Europe do not get fair wages, but the working men of Pennsylvania do, because they have a vote. The negro did not get it before the war because he had no voice in the government. The women to-day work for half pay on the average because they have not the ballot.

### The Gift Season.

ACCORDING to Jennie June, New York city is seen at its best during the six weeks or two months preceding the holidays. The streets are alive with well-dressed women, and gay with brilliant equipages and the preparations made by merchants and storekeepers for the season of gifts, etc. Nor is the enterprise by any means confined to the great stores and regular articles of merchandise. All along the broad flagged sidewalks there are recesses and stone steps which are taken possession of by itinerants of every description; women with infants in arms, young children, aged men, and dark, sallow, bushy-headed foreigners, who display petty wares as varied as their own personality. Crying dolls, doll-babies, doll nurses, doll perambulators, dolls' furniture, colored bon-bon boxes, fancy baskets, tiny baskets of flowers, cushions, flying birds, swinging clowns, and the like, are among the evidences of their skill and ingenuity, and for some four weeks at least they carry on a thriving business, the range of prices being from about ten to fifty cents.

Vastly different from these poor little trades-people are the princely mercantile houses which surround one of the localities where they most do congregate—Union Square. A walk through some of them is more interesting than a visit to the palace of Aladdin. There are treasures of art, skill and industry from all parts of the world and from under the sea. Enter the massive doors of Tiffany, for example, and

one would imagine himself in an art museum rather than a business establishment. There is hardly a sound to be heard, not the slightest evidence of hurry or bustle. The attendants are gentlemen, the customers people of leisure and high culture who move and speak softly, and with that quiet grace which distinguishes men and women accustomed to the best society. No one is asked to buy; in fact, the difficulty, if you are not quite certain of your intentions, is to get some one to persuade you that you really want anything.

You may walk from the diamond counter to the silverware, and from the silver to the jewelry cases, and from the jewelry department to the fancy goods, and after satisfying your eyes with Vienna work and English boxes and work-baskets, carved shell-work of home manufacture, and fans and opera glasses and vinaigrettes of the most exquisite manufacture, you may take the elevator without a question, and mount to the second floor, where is the finest collection of bronzes ever brought to this country. There is Vela's great work, "The last moments of Napoleon," "Venus Accroupie" (Crouching Venus), a bust of Antinous, heroic size, a "Venus of Milo" and "Cleopatra before Cæsar." There are also many beautiful specimens of the late Italian Renaissance style, and such an enormous variety of costly works of art and *vertu* that merely to enumerate them would take all and much more than all my space. Polished metals seem to be coming into vogue again, and there are clock cases finished in the designs of the fifteenth century, of polished copper and brass, and aluminum only, whose value is one thousand dollars.

Passing down again in the luxurious elevator, we are invited by a gentleman with whom we are somewhat acquainted to take a look at the Empress Eugenie pearl necklace. It is perfectly plain, and consists only of three strands, but the pearls are almost as large as cherries, and perfectly round and pure. It is valued at twenty-five thousand dollars. While examining this rich jewel we observe a quiet, gentlemanly man closing a two thousand dollar transaction with less words than it would take to buy a bunch of tape. The purchase was a small opera glass for a lady, of black enamel. All the metal visible was solid gold, and this was banded and encrusted with diamonds. It was a "perfect gem," as a lady would say, and it cost just \$2,000.

There are a class of persons, and they are generally those of the very highest culture and refinement, who want as much value with as little size and display as it is possible to put into their gift purchases. Such persons as these buy according to their means, but always articles having real or permanent value; small cut glass vinaigrettes, for instance, banded with gold and set with small diamonds, which are worth one hundred and twenty-five dollars; and fans of plain, clear ivory for twenty-five dollars; with monograms for thirty dollars; shell, jewel-mounted, in antique

fashion, for thirty dollars; also Vienna leather work, so called, though the finest of it comes from England, comprises portemonnaies, small bags for shopping purposes, card cases, jewel, handkerchief and glove boxes and other articles, perfectly plain, simple and most useful, yet so well made as to bear the stamp of elegance.

### Woman's Sphere.

BY SARAH H. WHITMAN.

THESE for the reckless taunt and idle jest,  
Man's patient vassal or his toy, at best;  
Afrail of men, of woman more afrail,  
From her own shadow covering in the shade,  
Alarmed the sound of her own voice to hear,  
Kept in the dark; commended to "her sphere;"  
Scoffed from the platform with pretentious scorn,  
To nurse the children never to be born,  
To skim the pot and fan the household fires,  
And rock the sons of hypothetical sires;  
Taught to believe marriage is woman's heaven,  
Though only one can get there out of seven;  
Counselled by Paul to cover up her hair  
And in the conference not to lead in prayer;  
Assured by Fulton that she has no right  
To speak in public, since she "cannot fight"—  
What, then, is left for woman but to be  
All that the *Frédéric* urged in fifty-three?  
What better counsel stands, for her deliverance,  
Than Horace Greeley's words to Mrs. Severance?  
Ceding her right to choose her own vocation,  
Select her rulers and control the nation—  
Vote if she will, or marry if she can,  
And make herself the free compeer of man.

For women are not on one pattern made:  
Some like the sun and some affect the shade;  
Some women like to make an audience cheer;  
Some are content to "chronicle small beer;"  
Some like to show their wisdom and their wit,  
While "other some" prefer to turn the spit.  
Are they all parts of one stupendous whole,  
Whose body woman is and man the soul?  
Must all succumb to one insensate rule—  
Must every woman keep an infant school?

Too long benighted man has had his way;  
Indignant woman turns and stands at bay.  
Old proverbs tell us, when the world was new  
And men and women had not much to do,  
Adam was wont to delve and Eve to spin;  
His work was out of doors and hers within.  
But Adam seized the distaff and the spindle,  
And Eve beheld her occupation dwindle.  
Must she then sit with folded hands, and tarry;  
Till some fair sylph tell her "whom to marry?"  
Better devote her time to ward committees,  
To stamping States and canvassing the cities;  
Better no more on flimsy fancies dote,  
But take the field and claim the right to vote.

ACCORDING to M. Coquerel, Rembrandt is at once the most material and the most ideal of painters. He painted a butcher's stall so utterly true that it is repulsive; and a strong angel rising into the ether with such glory and majesty that you forget the laws of gravitation, and believe only in the spiritual attraction which makes impossible that a being so noble should do anything but rise. His nude figures of bathers and the like, are so ugly and so real that you cry out in despair to have them clothed; and he makes a child being carried away by an eagle no dainty darling, but a real and awfully frightened young-one, its clothes slipped up to its waist, and its lips parted with the shrieks of terror which you can almost hear. But no one is so ideal as he in his pictures on sacred subjects. It does not need the presence of the Lord in the "Supper at Emmaus" to make the picture shine with His glory. From the chair whence he has risen streams a flood of light which irradiates the room, and his absence suggests yet more than would his presence.



## Contributions.

### Dreams and Visions.

CATHERINE SEDGWICK has added a very interesting chapter to spiritualistic literature in some incidents connected with the first wife of her eminent father. Before he was twenty-one he married Eliza Mason, a relative of the celebrated Jeremiah Mason; but she died within a year of their marriage, of small-pox, which she took from her husband.

"My father through life," says Miss Sedgwick, "cherished the most tender recollections of this poor lady. Not long after her death, he was lying upon the bed he had shared with her (a field bedstead with a bar across the two foot-posts), and, unable to sleep, he said to himself, 'If I could but see her as she was, in her everyday dress, see her once more, I should be comforted.' Well, he pondered on this thought till suddenly the room filled with a light, not like the light of a lamp, not like a thousand, the brightest, not like the light of the sun, but a heavenly radiance, and his wife, his young wife, her face lit with love and happiness, stood leaning over the bar at the foot of his bed, looking on him. He raised himself on his elbow; he, wondering, surveyed her from head to foot, and fantastically, as we sometimes do in our strongest emotions observe trifles, remarked the buckles in her shoes; he sprang forward to embrace her—she was gone, the light was gone; it was a dream. 'If I had one particle of superstition,' he would say, 'I would believe that my wife had appeared to me!' And yet I think my dear father had that particle of superstition," Miss Sedgwick adds, "for through his whole life he had once a year a dream that was like a visitation of this girl-wife. She always came to restore to him those days of young romantic love—the passages of afar life vanished. I can well remember the sweet, tender expression of his face when he used to say, 'I have had my dream.'"

This recalls to mind the story told of a literary lady of some eminence who lost a sister to whom she was most fondly attached. They had agreed, years previous, that if it were possible to pass the invisible line separating this world from the next, the one who died first should appear under some familiar guise to the survivor.

One night, the sister lay upon her bed, thinking of this promise, and longing for its fulfilment, when there appeared on the opposite wall a circle of light which spread and increased in intensity until out of it grew a picture of the departed, looking calm and tranquil, and dressed exactly as in life, even to the quilled ruffles on her muslin cap. So sufficing was this vision to the one to whom it was sent, that she never for a moment doubted its reality.

The debatable ground between waking and sleeping is so full of deception that it is impossible to say where dream ends and

vision begins. A lady, the daughter of an army officer, once told me a story of this sort, which took strong hold of my imagination. She said that, when a child, she was living on the frontier, in barracks, with her parents, and there made the acquaintance of the wife of a subordinate officer, a weak, vain woman, absorbed in dress and frivolity. During the winter, a fever broke out among the soldiers, which she contracted, and by which she was finally carried off. On the night of her death, Miss—, then about twelve years old, was lying on her little cot-bed, in a sound sleep, from which she was awakened by the touch of cold hands upon her face. On opening her eyes, she was startled to see the lady whom she knew to be dangerously ill standing beside her bed in her night dress, looking pale and deathly sad. "Give me my clothes," said she in querulous, complaining tones, repeating the demand two or three times. The screams of the child, entreating the apparition to take her cold hands from her face, awakened her mother, who was sleeping in the next room. It was afterwards ascertained that the sick lady had died but a few minutes previous to the child's vision.

The thought of this poor, ghostly creature, with affections still riveted to the things of this life, trying to carry the paltry objects of her love along with her into the next world, is a striking commentary on a frivolous, aimless way of living. I have the pathos of her figure before me, as she stands shivering on the brink of the great unknown, snatching back at her little gauds and vanities, to cover the poverty of her nature and the utter waste of her powers. She is as thin and unsubstantial as a bit of floating vapor, and the querulous tones of her voice seem to come to my ear just as the vast silence of eternity is ready to swallow it up. Surely there are few more suggestive images than this spectral lady striving to take her clothes into the spirit world. A touch of pity must soften any heart when the thought occurs that, perhaps overcome by a new sense of humility, she awoke to the fact that her garments left behind, there would be but the least possible remnant of herself to carry into another life.

IRIS.

### Cues from all Quarters.

In this series of nineteen essays a "clerical recluse," Francis Jacox, gives us a charming mosaic made of the thoughts of some of the best minds, especially in English literature, with just enough of the cement of his own fancy and philosophy to bind the whole together, and cause us to regret that the setting is not more ample.

This admirable little volume teaches people how to nourish themselves with good authors. It is wrought out of the suggestions of many of the best, and sometimes digs down to new and original veins of thought, always enhancing the beauty of what is borrowed by a skillful combination. Its pages introduce the reader at once into

the society of Scott, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Lamb, Carlyle, Thackeray, and a host of others, all saying their best things over again in the most genial manner. Our author has the happy faculty of putting these celebrities entirely at their ease. They draw about his fireside, and appear to enjoy his company almost as much as he enjoys theirs.

Mr. Emerson has highly praised the gift of making apposite quotations. It comes through the faculty which seizes upon salient points, and this has been bestowed in large measure on Francis Jacox. He is the prince of quotation-makers, and gives the impression that he has read everything worth reading, and has never thrown away a single grain of wheat amid the chaff.

A gentle play of fancy, humor and sentiment suffuses his pages, reminding us at times of the incomparable Elia; but they are marked by a catholicity of taste unspoiled by culture, which is all the writer's own. The charm of the first essay, "Once a Child," and the two which follow, "Never a Child" and "Always a Child," must be admitted by every reader; but others in the volume deserve almost equal praise for their rich suggestiveness. "The Brute World a Mystery" is full of speculation of a particularly interesting kind, and "Square Men in Round Holes," "Finding One's Occupation Gone," "Peter Bell and the Primroses," are as pleasant reading as we have lately found. Roberts Brothers have published this most attractive volume in their usually neat and tasteful style.

### The New Education.

BY MRS. C. A. FARRINGTON.

It is a good thing to be checked once in a while in our somewhat vague assertions of the superiority of modern methods, enlightenment and progress, that we may ask ourselves what the special tendencies of the present are, and what is their actual result? What, for instance, is the precise difference between the educational methods of to-day and those of twenty-five years back?

Of course, there are innumerable circumstances to complicate such an inquiry, but the main difference is in this: Twenty-five years ago the main purpose of the teacher was to stimulate the pupil's will. Now it is to stimulate his inclination. Twenty-five years ago the teacher's business was to hear the lessons. The child's business was to get them. The text-books were dry, difficult, unattractive; the school-rooms bare and uninviting. Little help was to be obtained from apparatus or illustrations. What was learned must be learned by sheer force of application, by concentration of the mind upon the task at an expense of prodigious effort. We look back upon all that now and think, how dreary! But there was some compensation in the amount of will power called out; of capacity for steady concentration on things in them-



selves unattractive; of power to make a mental effort, because we must, or ought, instead of because we wanted to. Mrs. Horace Mann, in a little book on education, quotes a remark of some Boston teacher to the effect that the less a boy liked a study the better it was for him to learn it. There is a grain of truth in the saying she so condemns. To learn to exert one's mind at the call of duty is about as useful a mental training as one is likely to get.

The tendency now is to make study attractive to the child. He must be led, not driven. The path is made straight before him. The teacher must explain with all manner of illustrations and apparatus the difficult points. The text-books vie with one another in their efforts to reduce things to their simplest terms. His difficulties are anticipated. Rough places are made smooth. The labor which the child twenty-five years ago had to accomplish for himself is shifted off on the teacher or the text-book. We try to allure children to knowledge. Instead of throwing them back on the barren processes of repetition and memory, we try to show them the relations of things, the principles out of which they spring. Instead of dull formulas and abstractions we want them to have facts. In a word, our aim is to interest them in what they learn. That is the watchword of our best modern instructors, of our most characteristically modern systems, and however far it is, in special cases, from being realized, it is the direction in which we are working. What an immense gain it seems. We think we have at length found the key that unlocks the youthful mind.

But what if, in thus taking off the strain from the scholar's faculties, we are making him more impatient of effort on his own part, more dependent on the assistance of others, less capable of concentration on difficulties? Suppose we are thereby relaxing the tone of his mind, disinclining him to contend with obstacles, encouraging a passive, recipient state of mind rather than an active, energetic one.

The truth is that if it be dismal to drag children along the road to learning with no other object than to get certain lessons, and no other stimulus than that applied to their will—as was the old method—it may be enervating to woo them along, removing all the obstacles, and relying on the natural attractions of the path, which is our modern ideal. To accept hard work is as necessary for child as for man. It is fundamental to everything.

The defect of the old method is plain. The mass of dull, incapable children is, no doubt, disgusted more heartily than ever with knowledge by demanding too much of them. The defect of the new method seems likely to be a lack of tenacity in mental fibre, a lack of persistence in mental effort, produced by requiring too little. The praise of the old method is that, by exacting so much it produced in a few instances splendid results—called out the fullest capacities. The praise of the new method is, that it has

made knowledge accessible, and even agreeable, to so many naturally indifferent to it. It remains to find the educational method that will level up without leveling down; that will bring out the highest results from the few, and the best possible from the many.

### The Language of Roses.

Mrs. A. E. BARR, in one of her contributions to the *Christian Union*, says there is an old legend which says that Eve brought the *Rose* out of Eden with her. It has always been a favorite flower with the Jews, and Solomon likens Christ to the *Rose* of Sharon. In later times the *Rose* of Jericho has usurped the place of affection so long held by that of Sharon. This rose is a native of Arabia Petrea, and opens only in fine weather. It also possesses in a remarkable degree a reviving power, and can recover its life when to all appearance dead; hence the Jews use it as a symbol of the Resurrection. A Mexican plant possessing the same wonderful tenacity of life is constantly for sale on the streets of New York.

The red rose is the emblem of love and also of silence, because Cupid gave it to Harpocrates, the god of silence, in order to bribe him not to reveal any of the indiscretions of his mother; hence it was often placed over the doors of guest rooms, to signify that perfect freedom of conversation might be indulged "under the rose," for nothing so said was to be repeated. And as stratagem delights in silence as well as love, the Romans placed it on their shields. Over Greek, Roman and Chinese graves it is a frequent emblem, and the Turks will not suffer a red one to lie on the ground since the days it was colored by the blood of Mohammed. The Arabians have a legend of a garden of roses planted by King Shaddad, and now buried in the desert, which is analogous in many respects to the Garden of Eden. Throughout southern and central Europe it is used in love spells and divination. One common German superstition is to name rose leaves and then throw them into a basin of clean water. The leaf which sinks last is to be the husband or wife of the inquirer. Another superstition is to throw rose leaves on to hot coals; the burning fragrance is thought to attract good fortune. White roses blooming at an unexpected time are believed in England to denote a death in the family of the owner, and red ones a marriage. As the lily is the emblem of France, so the rose is of England, where it assumes more of an historical than sacred character.

### An Image of Life.

. . . I embarked by night. . . All was dark. . . Gradually dawn appeared. The objects about assumed forms, at first confused, then more and more distinct, until at last it was broad daylight. The journey was full of changing scenes and interests; ever varying views; now a

storm, now a calm, and fair weather; pleasant company and charming conversation. The voyage, which at the outset promised to be long, was a mere nothing. Days disappeared behind us in the wake of the fleet ship. . . . Soon the sun sank; all the bright blossoms faded and soon nought was visible but the stars which stood out against the dark sky and cast their mysterious rays around us. . . . But I knew that the harbor was near. I had faith in our Captain, and, tired of travelling, I fell peacefully to sleep. Such, I think, is the story of life.

A. L. A.

### At Last.

BY HELEN M. COOKE.

Yes, it is over; the sweet dream is ended;  
Thy heart and mine are more than strangers now!  
There are such bitter memories with it blended,  
With tearful eyes I give thee back thy vow.

Thou canst not mate with one whose love is burning  
Its own dear idol on the vestal shrine;  
Whose high, proud heart would be forever turning  
To life's intensity its all—like mine.

Thou art of calmer mould; thine eye ne'er brightens  
At my quick footsteps, though we rarely meet;  
Thy hand, when clasped in mine, ne'er thrills or tightens  
At my fond words, though they be ne'er so sweet.

Thou didst not love me!—how this thought has chilled  
me,  
Like the cold hand of Death upon the brow!  
All the sweet joy that in the old time thrilled me  
Has lost the light and music of its flow.

The eyes that watched for thee are vainly weeping;  
Not for my own heart's pain this love has cost;  
But, oh! for thee, when thou shalt wake from sleeping,  
And seek in vain the treasure thou hast lost!

For I have loved thee; given thee sweetest hymnings,  
That sing unanswered through a mortal's breast;  
Now they have melted to funeral chimings,  
Yet in the pain of loving found no rest.

Alas for human hearts that are forever dying,  
With waiting, watching for Love's tender words;  
Wasting their music with a hopeless crying,  
Like the lost carols of unmated birds!

New York, December 4.

THE MESSRS. APPLETON have published a very fine red-line edition of Bryant's poems. It is a delightful book of thoughtful, noble verse. Here are the earlier poems, which have the dew of the author's youth on them, the favorites of our childhood; and here are the later poems, which seem like roses blooming in the verge of Winter. These later poems are characterized by mature thought, more gracefully expressed than those of his earlier poems; but they all show that he still drinks his inspiration from the same fountains to which he resorted when the flush of youth was on his cheek and early vigor bounded through his veins. Bryant always leads the thoughts in channels of purity. Whatever of sensuousness there is in his poetry is the sensuousness of Nature; but the reader must look in vain for a trace of sensuality in any of his poems. In the shimmer of the sunshine, in the flushings of the foliage, in the music of the rivulet, in the grand anthem of the ocean, in the songs of birds, in the growth of grain, and in the golden stars, he finds a lesson for the heart, mind and soul.

A MOTHER wants to know whether Charles Kingsley's "Water Babies" were "rocked in the cradle of the deep."

## Words and Works.

Big guns are apt to be great bores.

A picture of content : a portrait of Patience.

MARY "a good match" has proved a Lucifer.

ELECTION-BRINGING is not a new fashion of jewelry.

ALEXIS is an attractive but not an engaging youth.

A YOUNG belle's photograph album : a book of hints.

It is not wrong for people to write, if they right wrong.

WIFE-BEATING flourishes in London, according to the Times.

PATTI receives \$60,000 for four months' singing at St. Petersburg.

MOTTO for a French exile : Absinthe makes the heart grow fonder.

MISS EMILY BLACKMAN is writing a history of the Susquehanna Valley.

AN image of vanity : the image shown by a mirror in a prayer-book.

It is a queer woman who asks no questions, but the woman who does is the queerest.

If a Brooklyn girl of fifteen is worth a million dollars, what is a New York girl of eighteen worth?

THE difference between half a glass of water and a broken engagement : One is not filled full and the other is not fulfilled.

MRS. PARTINGTON tells of a minister who had "served the Lord for thirty years, first as a circus rider, then as a locust preacher, and last as an exhauster."

IN most of the libraries of Massachusetts women are librarians. That is one reason why the libraries are so popular and so well patronized by the young men.

MISS DIMOCK, an American, has received the degree of Doctor of Medicine from the University of Zurich, Switzerland, where she completed her studies.

AN English woman has married a Bedouin Arab, "in the interests of science." Most American girls would have preferred to marry one of the Arabian (K) nights.

CLARA LOGAN, who is connected with the editorial staff of the *Capital*, has gone West to give her lectures on "English Hearts and Homes," which was received with great favor in Washington.

MISS LIZZIE BOYNTON HERBERT has written a story entitled "Out of the Sphere." It will be published for the holidays, and as the title indicates relates to points of special interest just now.

A LADY who made a speech in favor of woman's rights, at Halle, in Prussia, was sentenced on the following morning by a police judge to two days' imprisonment on bread and water.

MRS. ABRAHAM LINCOLN lives with her son Robert in Chicago, but purposes to pass the winter in Florida. She has not recovered from the death of her son Thaddeus. Robert intends to leave Chicago soon.

MISS ALCOOT's "Scrap Bag" will be ready by Christmas, when all our little folks will be ready to dive into it. We would sooner put an eye into her "Scrap Bag" than to put both hands into some bureaus.

OLIVE LOGAN, the well-known lecturer, is to be married to Wirt Sikes, the well-known writer, Dec. 19. Robert Collyer of Chicago will tie the love knot. May it never chafe on their hearts, nor need untying.

DURING the past year 215 girls received the protection of the "Young Women's Home," in this city, and more than 80 applicants have been provided with work. The total receipts have been \$27,622.92; expenditures, \$27,073.92.

MADAME REGINA DAL CIN, a famous surgeon of Austria, having performed one hundred and fifty successful operations in the City Hospital at Trieste, was rewarded by the municipal authorities with a letter of thanks and a purse of gold.

MRS. AMELIA E. BARR is one of the clever and instructive writers for the New York press. She is an English lady of large culture, extensive knowledge of the world, and unusual experience of life. We always read her articles with interest.

A YOUNG woman, who was formerly a patient in a San Francisco hospital, has sued a physician for publishing an account of her disease and the way it was cured, in a medical journal, and lost her case. Which has cured her of all respect for the courts.

A MISS BRIEL, of Richmond, Virginia, who was in Europe during the late Franco-Prussian war, received recently, from the Emperor William of Germany, a splendid cross of honor, in recognition of the services rendered by her to the sick and wounded soldiers.

MRS. LAURA C. HOLLOWAY has written a book entitled the "Homes of Famous Americans," which is to be handsomely illustrated and sold by subscription. She has a position on the editorial staff of the Brooklyn *Union*, and is a young woman of great industry and journalistic tact.

MISS MATILDA PHILLIPS has appeared in opera in Italy with great success. The Italians praise her method and her voice, which, they say, reminds them of Alboni's. Miss Phillips had been in Milan only four days when an engagement was offered her, although at the time there were three hundred singers in the city waiting for employment.

A LADY offered a prayer to St. Ignatius for the conversion of her husband. A few days afterwards the man died. "What a good Saint is our Ignatius!" exclaimed the disconsolate widow; "he bestows on us more benefits than we ask for." If some of our women were Catholics St. Ignatius would be pestered almost to death with prayers.

MRS. GAINES is a woman of many trials, and her last has gone fearfully against her; for the court at New Orleans has decided that she is not the legitimate daughter of Daniel Clark, and ordered that his will be revoked. It was on this will that she mainly rested her suit. She has learned that suitors are often unskilled, and that courting is uncertain business.

FRANCES BURNAY (Madame D'Arblay) received for the copyright of her novel "Evelina" just five pounds. A paltry sum in comparison with the receipts of Miss Alcott, Miss Bradton and Mrs. Stowe. But there are scores of writers who would beglad to sell their manuscripts for what the paper cost. Literature is a sort of lottery, with few good prizes but many blanks; and many of those who draw blanks come within one of getting a prize.

SOME witless weakling has imposed on the Boston *Transcript* by sending two bogus marriages to that highly respectable and always truthful paper. Which lays like a heavy weight upon the tender conscience of Brother Haskell. The scamp who perpetrated the wicked joke ought to be simultaneously married to two vixens, and left to their tender mercies the rest of his days.

MISS C. A. DRINKER has recently drawn on stone a striking illustration of the beatitude "Blessed are the Meek." It is the head and bust of a female figure, with a gentle, downcast face, and hand pressing the outer mantle upon the bosom with a gesture of self-abnegation that carries out the idea of the artist with much expression. It has been published by Schaus in his best style.

MRS. ST. CLAIR in lecturing on the Women at Home at St. Joseph, Mo., put the following question to the audience: "Suppose, gentlemen, you were set down in the middle of twenty wives, all dependent on you for support, what would you do?" There was silence for a moment, and then a young fellow cried out, "I would do the best I could." Great applause followed this sally.

MISS LILLIAN EDGARTON is discoursing before the New England societies on Gossip, as follows: 1. The honestly sympathetic gossip. 2. The harmlessly curious gossip. 3. The petty envious gossip. 4. The calumnious gossip. The latter class she subdivides as follows: 1. The public hall-door gossip. 2. The confidential gossip. 3. The moral purist gossip. 4. The political gossip. 5. The woman's rights gossip.

HORACE HAWES, an eccentric California miser, tried to cheat his widow and children out of their share of his estate by devising it for the establishment of a university. But he overreached himself, and tied his gifts up with such conditions as to render it worthless and prove that he was insane. He was a monomaniac, his chief anxiety being that of coming to want or dying of poison. His widow and children have obtained their rights, to which they were doubly entitled by the pinching and starving they have been subjected to.

MISS LYDIA S. HALL, who was acting Assistant United States Treasurer during the recent absence of Treasurer Spinner, was once a Lowell factory girl, and a contributor to the famous "Lowell Offering." The Lowell *Courier* says Miss Hall has been a missionary to the Choc-taws, and in border ruffian days lived in Kansas, where she owned a large amount of real estate. Meeting with some misfortune in regard to titles of property, she went to Washington and has filled a clerkship in the Treasury Department since, at the same time studying law to enable her to recover her property in Kansas.

THE Iowa *State Register* in its notice of the Des Moines Woman Suffrage Convention says: "We have never seen a convention conducted with more decorum, or a greater degree of intelligent accord exhibited in the routine of proceedings, than were noticeable in this first annual and general gathering of the friends of common suffrage in Iowa. A majority of the members were women. They took up convention work without being awkward, and conducted discussions with a spirit and in a manner which many conventions of men might well pattern from." This is high praise, and we hope such compliments will always be deserved by all public meetings of women.

MISS REDDIN has often been asked why she writes under the pseudonym of "Howard Glyndin"; to which she replies: "Simply because when I began to write I was very young, and my selection of subjects generally was such as to seem out of keeping with my age, my experience and my opportunities. My readers were local ones; my interest in my subject great. So believing my personality would detract from the weight of my arguments, I wanted it to be ignored entirely; and, having made this beginning, I resolved to go on as I had begun. There is a set of names which, by common consent, are known as the given names of men; and there is also a set of given names bestowed only upon women. But a patronymic has no gender, and according to my idea there is no sex in literature or in science—at least I think there ought not to be, and that is just why my name is what it is."

JOHN HAY in his "Castilian Days" says the Madrid climate is a gallant one, and kinder to the women than the men. The ladies are built on the old-fashioned generous plan. Like a Southern table in the old times, the only fault is too abundant plenty. They move along with a superb dignity of carriage that Banting would like to banish from the world, their round white shoulders shining in the starlight, their fine heads elegantly draped in the coquettish and always graceful mantilla. But you would look in vain among the men of Madrid for such fullness and liberality of structure. They are thin, eager, sinewy in appearance—though it is the spareness of the Turk, not of the American. It comes from tobacco and the Guadarrama winds. This still, fine, subtle air that blows from the craggy peaks over the treeless plateau seems to take all superfluous moisture out of the men of Madrid. But it is, like Benedict's wit, "a most manly air; it will not hurt a woman."

ENGLISH weddings in the olden time were substantial, rather than sentimental, occasions, and food was thought more of than raiment. According to an old paper, Mr. William Donkin, a considerable farmer of Great Tossom, in the county of Cumberland, was married to Miss Eleanor Shotton, an agreeable young gentlewoman of the same place, in June, 1760. The entertainment on this occasion was very grand, there being no less than 120 quarters of lamb; 44 quarters of veal; 20 quarters of mutton; and a great quantity of beef; 12 hams; with a suitable number of chickens, etc.; which was concluded with 8 half-ankers of brandy made into punch; 12 dozen of cider; a great many gallons of wine, and 90 bushels of malt made into beer. The company consisted of 550 ladies and gentlemen, who concluded with the music of 25 fiddlers and pipers, and the whole was conducted with the utmost order and unanimity. The contrast between this wedding and one of the occasions described by our modern Jenkins is decidedly marked.

THE Iowa State Women Suffrage Convention, of which Mrs. Amelia Bloomer is president, at its recent meeting, passed a resolution declaring that the object for which that Society is organized "is to secure the ballot for woman, and that it expressly disavows any responsibility for the opinions or utterances of any party upon questions foreign to this, believing as we do that the ballot is a power to be used only in the influence of virtue and morality." There were few men present, which threw the women back on to their own resources; but they forcibly de-

monstrated to all that it was just as natural and possible for women to organize and conduct the proceedings of a large deliberative body as for men. Not only the order of business of the convention was equal to similar conventions of men, but the eloquence, arguments and logic of the women speakers were as persuasive, strong and conclusive as those of speakers in conventions of the opposite sex. One of the local papers says, "We are satisfied that this convention and the noble women who have so ably conducted it have given to the cause of woman suffrage an impetus that will carry the State of Iowa, which has ever been radical for the rights of men, triumphantly for the equal rights of women."

ACCORDING to Mr. Harvey, the Circassian women and those of the Abasian province are decidedly plain. The national dress does not heighten their charms. They usually wear loose Turkish trousers, made of white cotton, and a peculiarly frightful upper garment of some dark cloth, made precisely like the coats worn by High Church clergymen—tight and straight, and buttoned from the throat to the feet. A striped shawl is sometimes twisted round them like an apron. A blue gauze veil is thrown over the head, and their hair, which is generally long and thick, is worn in two heavy plaits that hang down behind. The beauties who obtain such great reputation in Constantinople and the West almost invariably come from Georgia and the valleys near El Berouz. In those districts the women have magnificent eyes and fair complexions. Early in the year the traders arrive from time to time, and Circassian parents do not object to dispose of their daughters for a consideration; they only do it with more candor and less cant than Belgravian parents. It is said that the "moon-eyed" beauties themselves, far from making things unpleasant, are delighted to escape from the tedium of house life, and to take their chance of being purchased by a rich pacha.

JENNIE JUNE says the designs of Winter bonnets differ very little from those of last season, the only difference perceptible being some little trick of trimming, which varies with the taste of every milliner. The massing of the trimming at the back is almost universal and not at all new, but the late Winter styles, it is observed, allow some of the feathers and ribbon loops to droop low, instead of turning them, as formerly, mainly up over the crown. The tendency to one handsome bonnet of black velvet, by ladies who wish to indulge in no more during the season, has suggested an excellent idea which is carried out by several first-class milliners. This is to supply with the complete bonnet a bow, and short curled ostrich plume of two different tints of color, either of which can be added upon occasion without detracting from the general effect. For the evening a blonde lady can add to her all black yet handsome bonnet of velvet, lace and feathers, a simple drooping plume of pale pink at the back, and a bow of velvet to match for the front, and produce a most distinguished effect. Or, for day reception or visiting purposes, a pale blue bow and plume can be substituted, which is removed when the bonnet is required for an ordinary promenade. In this way one bonnet can be adapted very successfully to different costumes and different occasions.

MARY HAYNES GILBERT says it is very often asserted that American women are destitute of

taste as regards dress, and it cannot be denied that too many of them blindly follow their Parisian guides reckless of consequences. There are those who will persist in wearing Nile green though it give them the hue of salmon. When the hideous Bismarck brown was fashionable, thousands of ladies donned it and revelled in it despite the fact that it turned them into mummies. But let croakers say what they will, the majority of men and women are not devoid of taste. Parisian styles have very frequently to be modified before they are indorsed by New York belles. If Worth should come to New York American ladies would not tremble before him as Parisians have. Instead of weeping at his criticisms, the New York beauty would probably find fault with his disposition of drapery, and suggest various improvements that might be effected in his styles. The spirit of independence would assert itself, and Worth, the absolute king of fashion abroad, would find himself snubbed on democratic soil. Though our leading merchants import his costumes to be used as models, the artists they employ very frequently improve on the originals. Stewart pays the leading modistes in his employ what would be considered exorbitant salaries abroad, but the result is that the costumes designed in his own establishment frequently outrival the most costly imported.

MRS. E. D. CHENEY, of Boston, one of the most active and devoted friends of the woman movement, recently addressed the Massachusetts Agricultural Society on the importance of providing means for the education of women in theoretical and practical gardening. She spoke of the influence of out-door life upon the physical culture of women. Our later civilization has sought to make the widest departure from the original type, and the physical degradation of women has descended not only to the daughters but to the sons as well. In Germany, Switzerland and France, the women share all the labors of the field, and are harnessed with the ass to the plough, while the man walks lazily beside them. During the existence of slavery, the women of the South knew what it was to bear the severest toil. The work of agriculture will benefit the health of women, by bringing them into contact with the vegetable life, which is in itself beneficial. A few years ago, the Woman's Club purchased a small estate at Newton Centre, put up green-houses and opened school to teach horticulture to young women. The expense of attendance was necessarily large, amounting to \$400 a year for each student, and, owing to this expense, many were prevented from joining the school. They have never had more than seven or eight pupils at one time. Now the Bussey farm is to be opened as a school of practical agriculture, under the control of Harvard College, and the lectures, in several of the most important branches, are to be open for women; and, with this opportunity so near at hand, it was deemed advisable to discontinue the horticultural school and to employ its funds in educating women at the Bussey institution. This movement is one of great importance, and it is hoped that this agricultural society will do its utmost to encourage it. There is no occupation so healthful, so appropriate to young women, so really beautiful, and so fine in its effects on the mind, as horticulture in its various branches. There is no good reason why all the flowers brought into our great markets should not be raised by women.



## THE REVOLUTION.

W. T. CLARKE, Editor.

This journal is devoted to the interests of Woman and Home Culture. Items of intelligence, articles and communications are solicited. Contributions must be short, pointed and important, and invariably addressed to the Editor. Articles will be returned when requested, if the postage is inclosed. Terms: **THREE DOLLARS** per year, payable in advance. Remittances should be made by Post-Office Money Orders, Bank Checks or Drafts, or Registered Letters. Papers are forwarded until ordered discontinued, and all arrearages paid, as required by law. In writing on business, always give the name of post-office and State. Address,

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### Glimpses of Fashion.

If any one thing more than another is particularly pleasing to the eye in ladies' costumes this Winter, it is the black marten fur, sometimes called Alaska sable, which edges sacques, mantles, and over-skirts. A cloth garment trimmed with this material has the appearance and reality of comfort, without being too oppressively warm when worn indoors, like one composed wholly of fur.

The most popular fur is sealskin dyed a dark maroon, and cut into a short loose-fitting jacket. The texture of this fur is soft and velvety and the color is becoming to almost every wearer. Seventy-five dollars, we learn, is the lowest price for a sealskin saque of fair quality, and handsomer qualities mount up in value to one hundred and fifty dollars.

Old-fashioned boas are again worn; the darker ones for street wear are not so long and ample as those considered stylish twenty or thirty years ago, but evening sets of ermine have small round muffs and boas often more than two yards in length to wind around the neck. The pretty, comfortable fur collar is still in vogue, but the preference is given to boas of various lengths and styles, made of a great variety of fur.

In dress materials, merino and cashmere are the favorite fabrics, and a good deal of pains is taken to convert a comparatively cheap costume into a very expensive one by the addition of much costly lace trim and passanterie polonaises of plum-colored, olive green and navy-blue cloth are worn over almost any dress and are becoming and economical.

It is humiliating to have to record that the demi-train, a skirt just long enough to sweep the filth of the street, and conventionally beset itself over muddy crossings, is steadily gaining ground, in spite of all that has been said and written against it. A fashion correspondent of one of our papers says, that you walk on Broadway hours together without seeing more than two short skirts, and ten to one they will be

on the persons of the unmistakably strong-minded or the undeniably Bohemian.

We are glad the "unmistakably strong-minded" have proved their good sense by steady adherence to decency and neatness. Their course shines in contrast to the aggravating folly of the weak-minded, who, after enjoying the benefits of tidy short skirts for a season, have gone deliberately back and given themselves up again to the disgusting business of cleaning the streets with their dresses. All dainty, delicate, lady-like habits should revolt at this dirty fashion, and the protest made by a few right-minded, consistent women is one reason for not despairing wholly of the ultimate improvement of the sex.

### The Outlook.

THE reports that come to us from all sections of the country are full of hope and cheer for the enfranchisement of woman. The conventions are well attended, harmonious, full of earnestness and faith. They show less effervescence and excitement, but more steadiness of purpose and carriage. They exhibit less of the enthusiasm which comes from the blood and the nerves, and more of the force that comes from conviction and conscience. They have less eloquence than formerly, but more judgment and practicality. There is less mere curiosity on the part of the public than at the first, but more serious inquiry, intellectual appreciation and moral sympathy. Everywhere the best minds are earnestly considering the question in its various bearings, and there is a vast amount of half-awakened interest and sympathy with our cause waiting for further development and actual enlisting in our ranks.

There has never been a time when the prospect before was less exciting or more encouraging. It is obvious that a vast deal of earnest work must be done before this reform can be consummated. Prejudice must be overcome. Ignorance must be enlightened. Traditions must be swept away. A new public sentiment must be formed. A whole people must be educated up to the level of a high moral idea. Every day we see more clearly what a mountain range of obstacles has to be removed, and what marshes and ravines have to be filled and raised up, before man and woman can stand side by side on equal ground before the law, with the same opportunities before them, the same rewards for honorable effort, the same prizes to tempt their ambition, as the same equal heaven roofs in their aspirations and rounds their careers. But the perception of the magnitude of the undertaking calls forth a corresponding determination and courage.

It begins to be seen that the two things most wanted now in the advocates of woman suffrage are unity of purpose and action, and a wise practicality of effort and aim. There is no sense, there is nothing but nonsense, in trying to do with forty organizations what can be done only by one. To allow personal prejudices and

spites to keep apart those who should be one in their fealty to a noble cause is simply wicked. No great reform can be run on a hate. The one test of fellowship is fidelity to the cause. Those who put their personal piques and jealousies in the place of principles, and insist on making this movement carry them with all their infernal baggage, are a millstone about its neck. We must have unity and on a ground broad and high and grand enough for all earnest workers to stand upon. Unity among ourselves is success in the nation.

There is no question that our cause has suffered by the injudicious utterances and the personal eccentricities of some of its advocates. Crude, extravagant and foolish speeches and articles have damaged it in public estimation. It is looked upon by many people as an organized attack upon the social order and the most sacred relations of life; and there are journals which try to confirm this impressions by charging every crude and silly speech and every species of social immorality as its authorized confession and legitimate result. This is one of the embarrassments under which every great reform labors in its incipient stages. The occasion calls for the greatest wisdom and generosity of proceeding. If fools insist upon advertising their folly let it be understood that it is their article and not ours, and that our platform cannot be used to cry all sorts of rubbish upon. We must demonstrate to the great public that this movement is identified with the interest, the order, the moral welfare and progress of society, and has no relation whatever with any scheme for turning the world topsy-turvy, and no place for the advocacy of any substitute for home and the great sanctities on which it is built. With unity and good sense our success is sure; but no amount of brilliant advocacy, and no number of eccentricities flashing their meteoric and showy qualities in the face of the public, and attracting attention by their dramatic attitudes and sensational articulations, can ever atone for the injury they inflict upon the cause by their indiscretions. The best service some people can possibly render our cause is to quit it.

### Old Ladies.

Old ladies appear to have gone out with the respect and decorum which form a dividing line between old-fashioned and new-fashioned households.

For a long time we had been searching for a cappy, spectacled, bland, and smiling old dame of the ancient type, when last Summer we thought we had discovered the almost impossible she, in the form of a quakeress sitting on the piazza of a quiet hotel, at one of our fashionable resorts.

The cap she wore was of spotless muslin, restrained from breaking into worldly irregularities, such as puffs and ruffles, by a series of fine shurrs. It completely covered the smooth hair, which was combed plainly back and tucked up behind in a prim little

knot. The plaits of muslin over her bosom were precise and spotless, and her drab dress descended in long straight folds to the feet unswelled by crinoline. Moreover, she was knitting an orthodox cotton stocking, long and large, and held a big ball of yarn in her motherly lap. Here she was at last, we thought exultingly, discovered in the most unlikely place in the world—the veritable old lady of the chimney corner—as much a necessity in past times as the back-log and andirons.

Suddenly the quiet, unfashionable figure turned her face towards us, and the venerable image we had conjured up vanished into the air. She was not over forty, with a fresh, unwrinkled countenance, only touched by that mild repression which belongs to Quaker drab and the plain language. There were at least three ladies sitting near her, each twenty years older than she was, who, from their contour and their general make-up, appeared to be twenty years younger. What made the difference, we asked, as we turned from the search for the real old lady of the past to the sham old lady of the present. Did it lie in the fact that the straight breadths of our friend's dress, untortured by gores, were gathered plainly upon the loose, comfortable-looking waist, without any device of belt or bow, sash or ead, to break the simplicity of her outline? Was it because her sleeves, of the respectable mutton-leg type, were closed at the wrist with a plain band of linen, or because of the decent cap and kerchief worn formerly by every modest good-wife? Or was it the useful piece of work in her hands, which seemed to take her back into the past, in contrast to one of the jaunty, modernized old ladies near her who was trying hard to shade in worsted work the curly tail of an animal.

Cavies would have found it impossible to place her in the order of nature? A little skimmer-shaped article made of lace, ribbon, and artificial flowers reposed upon the top of the latter's head amid a maze of puffs and curls not her own, but pinned on. Her smile went no deeper than dentist's enamel; her laugh was like the dry chirp of a grig in the stubble; her expanding waist was kept within bounds by a French corset; and a touch of rose color on the sallow cheek-bone, tinted at the rouge-pot and powder-box. It was difficult to tell what was made and what was real; for, with her puffs and bows, viewed from behind, she looked twenty-five, while in front the decay and wrinkles of three score years could not be wholly concealed.

False hair, hoops, and overskirts have abolished old ladies. They have been frizzled into oblivion if not furbelowed out of existence. How can an old lady be an old lady, from the very nature of things, without a genuine cap surrounding the kindly, aged face and white hair, trimmed with bows and furnished with strings to tie comfortably under the chin—a cap, we repeat, with bows which express every emotion of the wearer's mind? How can she be positive

without shaking her bows at you, and emphasizing at the same time with her knitting needles? How can she be merry unless those same bows twinkle and dance, duck and dive, and expand with hilarity? That skimmer-shaped contrivance worn on the bump of self-esteem has struck a death-blow at the perpetuity of old ladyhood.

No old lady can be herself who does not carry an ample under-pocket filled with goodies, with which she buys kisses and bestows rewards on the little folks. She must also wear a knitting sheath pinned to her side and a large, glossy, black silk apron spread over a one-skirted gown. When she takes her walks abroad she must carry a brown basket, suggestive of rosy-cheeked apples, or a handy little circular box for her best cap.

We dearly love a kindly old lady, who makes a fitting altar in the household of reverence and age. She is as good to have about as sunshine or firelight. She fills the corner where the puffy cat purrs and the old clock ticks with cheeriness, and her laugh is as blithe as a robin's. A cappy, spectacled, soft-skinned, bright-eyed old lady is a boon to any family, but where is she to be found now-a-days? Has she been wheeled away into the garret with the antiquated furniture, or tucked into some obscure upper room by her stylish young relatives, where, without respect or consideration, she leads a dull life apart from the dignified tranquillity of old age? If so, we demand that the old lady be brought out and reinstated in her rightful position; for the decay of reverence is telling harmfully upon the young, and the dear old dame is needed in the world.

We greatly fear, however, that false fashions and corrupt tastes have vitiated the idol of our childhood, and that, like most other people now-a-days, she is trying to appear what she is not. If a reign of sincerity ever sets in, perhaps genuine old ladies will come back, in company with some other good old things too long banished the hearth and home.

### Discriminating Readers.

THE literary taste of women has not yet risen much higher than the average circulating library. It is discouraging to go into one of these places, and note the fact that authors of known and approved excellence are neglected, while the most trashy novels are soiled and worn out in a few weeks by incessant use. Miss Muhlbach, Mme. Schwartz, G. P. R. James, Sylvanus Cobb, Mrs. Henry Wood, Miss Braddon, "Ouida" and Florence Marryat are always "out," while the best poets, philosophers, historians, and essayists are as invariably "in." Women, to be sure, are not the only patrons of these places. There is a class of men who devour poor novels as eagerly as any women, but most men have more literary inquisitiveness than women. The lawyer, the merchant, the physician, the mechanic, wants to find out for himself

on what Darwin bases his theory, how Lecky works out his moral problems, what are the peculiar features of the system of Spencer and of Mill. Most women are willing to take their opinions of these things from a newspaper notice or the remarks of a friend.

Such books, somebody has said, as women read on the lounge, or bed, with their back hair down—books of the most trifling kind, spiced with high-life immorality—make the fortune of subscription libraries; and this too, when the riches of our own language and all languages are open to women as well as men. Nothing, in the long run, imparts such unalloyed pleasure as the gratification of a finely discriminating literary taste. Friends fail, amusements pall, sickness makes activity impossible, but a love of good books is a source of perpetual delight. People can be weighed and measured by the authors they cherish. The brainless productions of popular novelists are suited to the mental vacuity of their female devourers, and, like water, run into the vacant places.

Women have naturally a greater fondness for poetry than men; and yet few of them get beyond Shakespeare in their knowledge of the older English dramatists, or have read German poetry farther than Goethe's lighter poems; and fewer still are acquainted with Dante and Tasso.

Filling the mind with vapid and unwholesome fiction tells badly on the mental life of women. Once let them become discriminating readers, and three quarters of the writers of trashy novels would find their occupation gone. The long Winter evenings just at hand are propitious for exploring some untrodden literary field. A club of intelligent young women, meeting once a week to make the acquaintance of our best essayists, would find profit and pleasure of a solid and enduring kind. The smallest country village furnishes all the requisites for such an undertaking. Let not the precious hours of this season be given wholly to gossip and tea-drinkings, vapid amusements, and unprofitable visiting, but see to it that they are turned to the acquisition of culture, and the improvement of the taste, and the enrichment of the mind.

MISS BRADDON is tired of prisons, arson, bigamy, and lock-ups, and has gone into quiet English life, in her latest novels. She gives promise of doing better in happy domestic stories than she ever did in love and murder romances.

THE first public meeting of the New York Central Woman Suffrage organization will be held at Chickering Hall, 14th street, between Fifth avenue and Broadway, on Thursday evening, Dec. 14, at 8 p. m. Addresses will be made by the President, Mrs. Clemence S. Lozier, M. D., Julia Ward Howe, of Boston, Mrs. Charlotte B. Wilbour, and others. The admission will be free, but contributions will be solicited. All friends of the cause are cordially invited. By order of

LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE,  
For the Committee on Public Meetings.

## Correspondence.

## Mrs. Livermore's Lecture.

To the Editor of the Revolution :

Mrs. LIVERMORE gave her lecture on "What shall we do with our daughters," in Lawrence Hall, last evening, before a large and highly interested audience. The lecture was delivered with that earnestness which comes from deep conviction, and that genuine eloquence which is more than all the graces of oratory. There is something so noble and impressive in Mrs. Livermore's appearance and manner that she half persuades her audience before she opens her lips.

It is not fair to report a lecture which the author is engaged to give before a number of lyceums. But as few of your readers may have an opportunity of hearing the lecture, it can do no harm to say that Mrs. Livermore showed up the evils growing out of woman's slavish regard for fashion, and condemned the too common practice of debarring woman from the occupation she is best fitted for by nature, and compelling her to follow one for which she has neither fitness nor inclination because it is the custom for women to keep house. Young women ought to be encouraged to give their minds and hands to those pursuits for which they have natural aptitudes, which tend to discipline the mind, train the practical understanding, and make her useful to the world. Women want a dower of common-sense. The daughter who is trained to take care of herself will have the best protection against want and temptation, and be the best wife and mother. Let women become interested in useful pursuits and ennobling ideas, and they will drop their foolish fancies and the costly and injurious fashions that now belittle their souls and shorten their lives. Let them have proper activity and expansion of mind in useful and noble ways, and they will be more happily matched with the best men, and there will be fewer occasions for divorce.

Women who are accused of being strong-minded should remember that the antithesis of this term is weak-minded. Which will a woman choose to be? Those beardless boys who fancy a girl just in proportion to her feebleness and dependence, and imagine it will be a fine thing to have a live plaything and pet and doll, find to their sorrow that they have taken a burden where they needed a prop.

The laws relating to the property of married women are still sadly unjust. The first thing we should do for our daughters is to see that they are no longer oppressed by laws which rob them of their rights in property the moment they marry, and when a husband dies give to his widow but a third of what is really her own. She should have the control of her earnings, and also the control of her children, which are dearer to her than her own life.

Her lecture was an hour and a half in the delivery, and closed with a truly eloquent

appeal for the higher rights of her sex, which was followed by the enthusiastic applause of the audience. It would be a rich treat to any lyceum in the land to listen to this lecture.

E. S.

NEW LONDON, Ct., Nov. 28, 1871.

## Miss Barton at Belfort.

To the Editor of the Revolution :

FAITHFUL to the promise I made to you one bright day in Paris, more than two months ago, I write. You remember that it was a kind of clandestine pledge, made in low tones, that I would one time tell you something of the doings of your brave, blessed compatriot, who has the "singular habit for a woman," as the world would say, of doing something and saying nothing.

From much observation, I am convinced that Clara Barton never makes the best report of what she does, unless for some cause she considers it to be absolutely indispensable; and then in a form so plain and business-like that one would read and turn the paper, little dreaming of all the sentiment, strength, heart, poetry and labor that lay hidden beneath that unpretending exterior.

It were too long to tell you of the few weeks of Paris following your departure; what, between the sympathies for the families of the wretched prisoners of Versailles, and the outpouring Alsatians who refuse to remain German, there was little rest for body or soul. Some entire families had even followed from Strasbourg, knowing that Miss Barton went from there to Paris, and certain of relief if they should find her there. They did find her, and now occupy good positions. One is even placed for life in the civil service of the French government (if the government last so long). But these things, done through rain and storm, cost strength, and I was very near to report to you a sick list.

Happily that is past, and my present hour must be applied to telling you of Miss Barton's work in a third general point of desolate France, viz., the brave little town of Belfort, which has rendered its name illustrious by the heroism of its defence. Here we are facing the high citadel and the famous canon Catharine that 25,000 German bombs could not silence; and here, day by day, works your countrywoman, trying to overcome the greatest amount of miseries possible among so many.

The room in which she receives her people has been tendered by Monsieur l'Administrateur of the town; and it is in his own mansion, and himself and family are proving at every moment to your noble sister how proud they are of having obtained this favor. It is in this room that she stands from morning till night, smiling and graceful as always, receiving family after family, and endeavoring to learn by herself what are their circumstances, how deeply they have suffered, to express to them her sympathy, and assist them with some money. It is probable that many of these poor people in this land of aristocracy

have never listened to words so respectfully spoken, and are often so overcome by this, added to the kindness of manner extended to them, that the first answer which comes is a sob. Often no words can come, and trembling, blessing hands held out to her are all that can speak; but oh, how eloquently they speak!

They are very poor, these relics of eight months' siege. Some, of course, have lost nothing in material by the war, having nothing to lose but time and labor; but the larger portion have lost all or nearly all they possessed, the fruit of forty or fifty years of hard work, and remain homeless, hopeless, old, broken, dispirited, sick, since they have lived in cellars, and without the smallest prospect of regaining their lost property. Do wars in republics leave the people as badly off, I wonder? It is not a rare thing to see come in a poor woman with her garland of six, seven or eight handsome young children, which she presents with both pride and distress. One had even thirteen, and when we asked if all of them were still at her charge, she exclaimed with the most charming simplicity, "Oh, no, madam, two of them are abroad. I have only eleven to work for." To-day a tall, thinly-clad woman entered, and presented her billet bearing the stamp of the mayor. "Have you children?" asked Miss Barton kindly as she took it. "Have I children?" exclaimed the woman in a tone at once proud and pitiful, "Dear child, if I haven't! I have ten!" Miss Barton turned away to her table, but a stolen glance at her face a moment after detected something there glistening brighter than the gold she dropped into that hard, dark hand. "Ah!" thought I, as I wrote down the name as rapidly as possible, "ah! if all the world's work were done with a little of the heart in it, how much nearer heaven would seem!"

When it was decided that Miss Barton would accept the labor of receiving the crowd of the victims of the bombardment, the authorities of the town fearing for her from the roughness of these people, who, they said, would rush in all together, by all the doors and windows, placed four policemen around the house to protect her against the crowd. Two of them in turn have for their mission to open the only door by which the solicitors were admitted; but never was I so amused as to see Miss Barton protecting her policemen, and preventing these rough men and shrill-toned women from crowding them against the wall. When sometimes they are all in a quarrel, the policemen swearing like two thunders, according to the approved French manner of preserving respect, she appears at the door, and, in the most charming manner, prays them to wait a little and be quiet. Then the most piercing voices become silent, the wildest men are ashamed of their noise. The only visible motions are those nearest trying to hide themselves behind others, and those in the distance raising themselves on tiptoe to see *la bonne*



*dame Americaine*. As for the policemen, they are perfectly puzzled, and could never have supposed that so gentle a lady, who never scolds nor swears, could hold in order so undisciplined a crowd. Often the work is interrupted for more agreeable reasons. Once it is a deputation of the sisters of the civil hospital in their snowy bonnets, or some other charitable institutions of the town who want to thank her for the gifts sent to their establishment. Another day it is the Mayor of the town, who desires to pay respect; another time all the municipal council asking to be allowed to express to her their gratitude in the name of Belfort and the country. All this, as a personal matter, I have always steadily repelled, and they are politely requested to bear in mind that it is America and the goodly city of Boston to whom, if to any, all thanks are due. But no one is so mad as to expect to outdo a French official in politeness; and I observed the President of the Council replying, half bent with hat in hand, that these three names would be always so united in their hearts that they should never be able to hear the one without thinking of the others.

This is a region almost exclusively Catholic, and the ignorance of the people is something deplorable. Each recipient is asked for a signature, and the proportion who are able to make something beyond a X is less than one in fifteen. Writing is an accomplishment generally not to be thought of, especially by the women; but when one who has attained so far is asked if she can give her signature, she replies, with the assuring grace of a noble of the blood: "*Certainement, pourquoi pas?*" But the common response is a burst of astonishment at the bare supposition: "*I write! mon Dieu, how should I?*"

A difficulty by no means the smallest is to find the kind of money to which these poor people have been accustomed. The immense payments of France to Germany, all in silver and gold, are fast making coin among the things that were. The bank-notes of France never having been small in value, and used rather as a convenience for business than a currency for the people, the poor are mostly strangers to it, and when a note was placed in their hands, they waited, holding it a long time, and then ventured to inquire timidly "if that was something that they could get some money for," and where they could go to get it changed, and how they should do. It was useless to tell them its value; they would have preferred ten francs in silver to twenty in paper, and indeed, as they could not read, it was perhaps better for them, as one saw at once that they would be at the mercy of every swindler they met. This would not do. All notes which had been given were recalled and redeemed in coin, and it is entirely the occupation of one man, from morning till night, to change paper into coin as fast as it is required for distribution.

But it is impossible; the night is not

long enough to tell all that transpires during the day, and no one must attempt it. I only wish, as I always do, that her own people could see their countrywoman at work among European poor as not one European has done; if they are proud of her for what she has done at home, they would be proud of her in a tenfold greater degree for what she is doing abroad, never at the best strength, in a strange country, of foreign customs and divers tongues.

Pardou, *je vous prie*, my miserable English; you knew what it was when you gave me leave to write you, and I can only thank you for the kind indulgence.

I remain, dear madam, with highest respect, yours very truly,

ANTOINETTE MARGOT.

BELFORT, Oct. 24, 1871.

## Miscellaneous.

### The Whisper of Night.

BY A GIRL OF FOURTEEN YEARS.

WHEN the world is hushed to silence  
And her wearied workers sleep,  
And the stars, as eyes of heaven,  
O'er the earth their watches keep;  
When the moon illumines the ocean  
And enchanter the midnight sea,  
Oh! I hear this mystic whisper,  
"God in love keeps watch o'er thee!"

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS well says that a great cause is not to be judged by the follies that attend it, more than civilization by its frontiers. If anybody supposes that the question which the Massachusetts Convention commends to thoughtful consideration is one of new methods of divorce, he is as ludicrously mistaken as if he imagined it to be one of a new method of computing eclipses. Yet there is no doubt that the progress of the movement has been very much obstructed by such suppositions. Questionable advocates always harm their cause. There must be such, of course, as bummers must attend an army. But if you want to understand the object of the march it is better not to mind the bummers, but to inquire at headquarters. If anybody in England had advocated the extension of the suffrage for the reason that it would enable poor men to vote into their pockets the money of rich men, he would do precisely what is done by those who allege that the extension of the suffrage here would produce this or that direful result. It is something that nobody can know. A possibility is not an argument until you have made it an imminent probability. Every reform has its disagreeable stages of growth, like the human system. Mumps and measles and scarlet fever must not dismay us, however, nor breed despair of the issue. Silly men and silly women, full of conceit and sentimentality, and what is familiarly known as popcock, are, unfortunately, not peculiar to any particular department of human interest and activity.

A good deal has been written about conversation of late. But the importance of small talk is generally overlooked or sadly underrated. We quite agree with an English writer that there is a rapid, tasteless small talk, detested by all; but there is also a sparkling, empty, meaningless conversation—pure froth and bubbles, no doubt, but the foam of more valuable ideas;

and it is as necessary to make them palatable, even as a good head improves the pot of porter, though it would not satisfy the mildest thirst. Solid discourse is all the better for a little light setting, though care must be taken there is not too much of it. We delight in the eloquence of the learned professor who speaks of the earth's crust as familiarly as the cook speaks of pie crust, and we respect the scientific warriors who discuss the art of war as illustrated in Volunteer Autumn Manœuvres. Yet a few bright flashes of folly from the utterer of small talk give a momentary ease to overstrained intellect which has only to be felt to be appreciated. Small talk is good to a certain extent when mixed with something better; but the eternal repetition of nothing in fine language, or the senseless jabber of those who only speak that some voice may be heard, is scarcely bearable, and all the efforts of society in general should be directed to checking too great a development of this evil.

Give books: they live when you are dead;  
Light on the darkened mind they shed;  
Good seed they sow, from age to age,  
Through all this mortal pilgrimage.  
They nurse the germs of holy trust;  
They wake untired when you are dust.

—Mrs. Sigourney.

THE *Aloe* is peculiarly sacred to the Moslems. They swing it in censers, they plant it on tombs of famous saints, and every one who has made the journey to Mecca may have one at his door. The kind called *Saber*—that is, *Patience*—is greatly used in burying-grounds, because from its slow growth and rare flowering it typifies the interval between death and the resurrection.

"OUT OF HER SPHERE."—This is the title of a volume now in press and to be issued for the holidays; Mills & Co., Publishers, Des Moines, Iowa. The author of this volume, Miss Boynton Harbert, is too well known to the people and press of the West to need introduction by our pen. The book, a tale of our times, will inculcate Mrs. Harbert's theory with reference to the "proper sphere" of woman, and the favor with which the gifted lady's former productions have been received is firm warrant that "*Out of Her Sphere*" will be both entertaining and instructive. We take an honest home pride in the genius of Mrs. Harbert, and bespeak for her contribution to our holiday literature a warm welcome and extensive sale. Orders can be addressed to Mills & Co., or Harbert & Clark, Des Moines, Iowa.

### EXAMPLE FOR THE LADIES.

A. Cady, of Cambridge, Mass., has used her Wheeler & Wilson Machine constantly in all kinds of dress-making, since the spring of 1858, without repairs, and it is now as good as new.

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**LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.**—"Year by year those who wish to keep themselves informed in the literature of the day come more generally to recognize *The Living Age* as the best means for attaining that end within the reach of persons of moderate leisure." This is owing to the fact that *The Living Age*, being published in weekly numbers of sixty-four pages each, gives more than three thousand double-column octavo pages of reading matter yearly, and is thereby enabled to present, with a *satisfactory completeness* nowhere else attempted, whatever is of immediate interest or permanent value in the vast and generally inaccessible mass of foreign periodical literature—a literature embracing the productions of the ablest living writers in every department, whether relating to history, biography, fiction, poetry, wit, science, politics, theology, criticism or art. As a fresh and thorough weekly compilation, therefore, of the admirable and noteworthy in current literature, including the ablest and most interesting essays, reviews, serial and short stories, poetry, scientific, historical and political information, it has become invaluable, in the great and growing multiplicity of quarterlies, monthlies and weeklies, to every person or family of intelligence and taste. The highest critical authorities of the country unite in pronouncing it "the best of all eclectic publications."

The subscription price (\$8 a year) is cheap in proportion to the amount of reading matter furnished; but for those who desire the cream of both home and foreign literature a still cheaper offer is made by the publishers (Littell & Gay, Boston), viz., for \$10 they will send *The Living Age*, weekly, and either one of the leading American \$4 monthlies, for a year; or for \$8.50 *The Living Age* and *Our Young Folks*. "Possessed of *The Living Age* and of one or other of our vivacious American monthlies, a subscriber will find himself in command of the whole situation." The next volume of *The Living Age* begins January 1.

Roll on! great Pill of Ayer, roll on!  
Through miles emboweled roll!  
Roll on!

Through those whose livers chafe the soul!  
Through those whose feeble stomachs fall!  
Through insensibles waxen pale!  
Through all who live in aches and all!  
Ever roll on!

Roll o'er the prairies of the nation,  
For the sick and ill of every station!  
Roll down the Andes—towering mountains!  
Roll over Africa's golden fountain!  
Through India and the Cheroneese!  
Through distant isles of Japanee!  
Wherever dwells a sinking heart!  
Roll on, to do your mighty part,  
Ayer's Pills, roll on!

—Putnam for Oct.

Extract from a letter from Mrs. J. C. Aldrich, Wauseon, Fulton Co., O. "R. P. Hall & Co. Gentlemen.—Please send me one dozen bottles of your Sicilian Hair Renewer. My 'bald and gray' do not want to be out. My mother is a living recommendation of the results from the use of the Renewer. Being almost seventy years old, and having worn a wig over thirty years, it seems a miracle to those who have known her so long so bald, and what little hair she had being perfectly white; now her wig thrown aside, her hair grown out, and a smooth, glossy brown, as in girlhood. Hoping you may long continue to pour blessings on the heads of the afflicted, I remain, yours truly."

Such evidence, with the indorsement of the great chemists of New England, Dr. A. A. Hayes and S. Dana Hayes, should satisfy any one which of the preparations produce the best results.

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**SOLD IN 1870**

One Hundred and Twenty-seven thousand

Eight Hundred and Thirty-three Machines

being more than forty thousand in advance of their sales of the previous year, and over forty-four thousand more than the sales of any other Company for 1870, as shown by the following figures from SWORN returns of the sales of Licenses:

### The Singer Manufacturing Company

SOLD OVER THE FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE CO.,	140,173 Machs
SOLD OVER THE WILCOX & GIBBS SEWING MACHINE CO.,	98,943
SOLD OVER THE WARD SEWING MACHINE CO.,	92,831
SOLD OVER THE GROVER & BAKER SEWING MACHINE CO.,	70,431
SOLD OVER THE HOWE MACH'G CO.,	52,077
SOLD OVER THE WHEELER & WILSON MANUFACTURING CO.,	44,625 do.

all of which is mainly owing to the popularity of what is known as the "New Family Sewing Machine," which is now fast finding its way into every well-regulated household. For Circulars giving full particulars of Machines, their Folding Cases of many varieties of wood and finish, their Attachments for numerous kinds of work, which till recently, it was thought that delicate fingers alone could perform, as well as particulars about all articles used by their Machines, such as Twist, Linen Thread, Spool Cotton, Oil, etc., etc., apply to any of their Authorized Agents, or to

THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY,

1802-1806 34 Union Square, New York.

MRS. WINSLOW'S

## SOOTHING SYRUP,

FOR CHILDREN TEETHING,

greatly facilitates the process of teething by softening the gums, reducing all inflammation—will allay ALL PAIN and spasmodic action, and is

**SURE TO REGULATE THE BOWELS.**

Depend upon it, mothers, it will give rest to yourselves and

**RELIEF AND HEALTH TO YOUR INFANTS.**

We have put up and sold this article for years, and CAN SAY IN CONFIDENCE AND TRUTH of it what we have never been able to say of any other medicine—NEVER HAS IT FAILED IN A SINGLE INSTANCE TO EFFECT A CURE when timely used. Never did we know an instance of dissatisfaction by any one who used it; on the contrary, all are delighted with its operations, and speak in terms of highest commendation of its magical effects and medical virtues. We speak in this matter "WHAT WE DO KNOW," after years of experience, and pledge our reputation for the fulfillment of what we here declare. In almost every instance where the infant is suffering from pain and exhaustion relief will be found in fifteen or twenty minutes after the syrup is administered.

This valuable preparation has been used with NEVER-FAILING SUCCESS in

THOUSANDS OF CASES.

It not only relieves the child from pain, but invigorates the stomach and bowels, corrects acidity, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. It will almost instantly relieve

GRIPE IN THE BOWELS AND WIND COLIC.

We believe it the best and surest remedy in the world in all cases of DYSENTERY AND DIARRHŒA IN CHILDREN, whether it arises from teething or from any other cause. We would say to every mother who has a child suffering from any of the foregoing complaints—Do not let your prejudices nor the prejudices of others stand between your suffering child and the relief that will be SURE—yes, ABSOLUTELY SURE—to follow the use of this medicine if timely used. Full directions for using will accompany each bottle. None genuine unless the fac-simile of CURTIS & PERKINS, New York, is on the outside wrapper.

Sold by all Druggists throughout the world.

## Spectrum Analysis.

Three important lectures by Profs. Roscoe, Lockyer and Huggins, the distinguished English Scientists. Beautifully illustrated. Interesting to every one. Marvellously cheap. Only 25 cents. For sale by all booksellers, or sent postage paid on receipt of price by the publishers, CHARLES C. CHATFIELD & CO., New Haven, Conn. 1869-1911

## Church Carpets.

GEORGE L. HYATT,

273 Canal,

THROUGH TO 31 HOWARD ST., SIX DOORS EAST OF BROADWAY, N. Y.,

Sole Agent for selling Auburn Power Loom Carpets; has manufactured and on sale a variety of Church Patterns, by the Piece, or in quantities to suit.

Also in the retail department a large assortment of Velvets, Body Brussels, Tapestry Brussels, 3-Ply, and Ingrain Carpets, Oil Cloths, Rugs, Mattings, Mats, etc. All for sale at small profits. 1298-1305

**RIFLES, SHOT-GUNS, REVOLVERS.**  
Gun Material. Write for Price List to GREAT WESTERN GUN WORKS, Pittsburgh, Pa. Army Guns, Revolvers, etc., bought or traded for. Agents Wanted. 1292-1317



## NO DRAUGHTS

AT

YOUR WINDOWS

TO GIVE COOLDS.

No rattling of sashes on windy nights to break your rest.

Warm halls, snug rooms, and comfort throughout the house by using these celebrated WEATHER STRIPS. Greatly increased demand, owing to the Reduced Price List.

ROBERTSON BROS.,

50 FULTON STREET, NEAR CLIFF.

[Same office three years.

1907-47





# SIMILIA SIMILIBUS CURANTUR. HUMPHREYS'

## HOMOEOPATHIC SPECIFICS

**HAVE PROVED FROM THE MOST AMPLE EXPERIENCE, an entire success; Simple—Prompt—Efficient and Reliable.** They are the only medicines perfectly adapted to popular use—so simple that mistakes cannot be made in using them; so harmless as to be free from danger, and so efficient as to be always reliable. They have raised the highest commendation from all, and will always render satisfaction.

No.	Cures	Cents.
1.	Cures Fevers, Congestion, Inflammations.....	25
2.	" Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic.....	25
3.	" Crying Colic or Teething of Infants.....	25
4.	" Diarrhoea, of Children or Adults.....	25
5.	" Dysentery, Griping, Bilious Colic.....	25
6.	" Cholera-Morbus, Vomiting.....	25
7.	" Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis.....	25
8.	" Neuralgia, Toothache, Facies.....	25
9.	" Headaches, Sick Headache, Vertigo.....	25
10.	" Dyspepsia, Bilious Stomach.....	25
11.	" Suppressed or Painful Periods.....	25
12.	" Whites, too Profuse Periods.....	25
13.	" Croup, Cough, Difficult Breathing.....	25
14.	" Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions.....	25
15.	" Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains.....	25
16.	" Fever and Ague, Chills, Fever, Agues.....	50
17.	" Piles, blind or bleeding.....	50
18.	" Ophthalmia, and sore or weak eyes.....	50
19.	" Catarrh, acute or chronic, Influenza.....	50
20.	" Whooping Cough, violent coughs.....	50
21.	" Asthma, Oppressed Breathing.....	50
22.	" Ear Discharges, impaired hearing.....	50
23.	" Scrofula, enlarged glands, Swellings.....	50
24.	" General Debility, physical weakness.....	50
25.	" Dropsy and Scanty Secretions.....	50
26.	" Sea Sickness, sickness from riding.....	50
27.	" Kidney Disease, Gravel.....	50
28.	" Nervous Debility, Seminal Emissions, Involuntary Discharges.....	1.00
	Five Boxes, with one \$2 vial of Powder, very necessary in serious cases.....	\$5.00
29.	" Sore Mouth, Canker.....	50
30.	" Urinary weakness, watering bed.....	50
31.	" Painful Periods, with Spasms.....	50
32.	" Sufferings at change of life.....	1.00
33.	" Epilepsy, spasms, St. Vitus Dance.....	1.00
34.	" Diphtheria, ulcerated sore throat.....	50

## FAMILY CASES

Of 25 to 50 large vials, morocco or rose-wood case, containing a specific for every ordinary disease a family is subject to, and books of directions...from Smaller Family and Travelling cases, with 20 to 25 vials.....from Specifics for all Private Diseases, both for Curing and Preventive treatment, in vials and pocket cases.....	\$10 to \$35 \$5 to \$8 \$2 to \$5
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## POND'S EXTRACT

Cures Burns, Bruises, Lameness, Soreness, Sore Throat, Sprains, Toothache, Earache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Piles, Boils, Stings, Sore Eyes, Bleeding of the Lungs, Nose, Stomach, or of Piles; Corns, Ulcers, Old Sores.

Price, 6 oz., 50 cents; Pints, \$1.50; Quarts, \$1.75.  
These Remedies, except POND'S EXTRACT, by the case or single box, are sent to any part of the country, by mail or express, free of charge, on receipt of the price. Address  
Humphreys' Specifics

Homeopathic Medicine Co.,  
Office and Depot, No. 562 Broadway, New York.  
Up-town Store, 817 Broadway.  
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

## Decorated

## DINNER SETS,

An assortment far surpassing any heretofore offered, which we shall offer at

## GREAT BARGAINS.

ALSO

## Clocks & Bronzes

A very large variety of new and choice styles.

## OVINGTON BROTHERS,

246 to 252 FULTON ST.

## H. T. HELMBOLD.

### A CASE OF TWENTY YEARS'

#### STANDING.

PHILADELPHIA, Penn., June 26, 1887.

H. T. HELMBOLD, Druggist:

DEAR SIR: I have been a sufferer for upward of twenty years with gravel, bladder and kidney affections, during which time I have used various medical preparations, and been under the treatment of the most eminent physicians, experiencing but little relief.

Having seen your preparation extensively advertised, I consulted my family physician in regard to using your Extract Buchu.

I did this because I had used all kinds of advertised remedies, and had found them worthless, and some quite injurious; in fact, I despaired of ever getting well, and determined to use no remedies hereafter unless I knew of the ingredients. It was this that prompted me to use your remedy. As you advertised that it was composed of buchu, cubebs and juniperberries, it occurred to me and my physician as an excellent combination; and with his advice, after an examination of the matter, and consulting again with the druggist, I concluded to try it. I commenced to use it about eight months ago, at which time I was confined to my room.

From the first bottle I was astonished and gratified at the beneficial effect, and after using it three weeks was able to walk out. I felt much like writing to you a full statement of my case at the time, but thought my improvement might be only temporary, and therefore concluded to defer, and see if it would effect a perfect cure, knowing that it would be of greater value to you and more satisfactory to me.

I am now able to report that a cure is effected, after using the remedy for six months.

I HAVE NOT USED ANY HOW FOR THREE MONTHS AND FEEL AS WELL IN ALL RESPECTS AS I EVER DID.

Your Buchu being devoid of any unpleasant taste and odor, a nice tonic and invigorator of the system, I do not mean to be without it whenever occasion may require its use on such occasions.

M. McCORMICK.

Should any doubt Mr. McCormick's statement, he refers to the following gentlemen:

- HON. WM. BIGLER,  
Ex-Governor of Pennsylvania.
- HON. THOS. B. FLORENCE,  
Washington, D. C.
- HON. J. C. KNOX,  
Ex-Judge, Philadelphia.
- HON. J. S. BLACK,  
Ex-Judge, Philadelphia.
- HON. D. R. PORTER,  
Ex-Governor of Pennsylvania.
- HON. ELLIS LEWIS,  
Ex-Judge, Philadelphia.
- HON. R. C. GRIER,  
Philadelphia.
- HON. G. W. WOODWARD,  
Ex-Judge, Philadelphia.
- HON. W. A. PORTER,  
Philadelphia.
- HON. JOHN BIGLER,  
Ex-Governor of California.
- HON. E. BANKS,  
Washington, D. C.
- And many others, if necessary.

## Suffrage Convention at Washington.

The National Woman Suffrage and Educational Committee will hold a Convention at Lincoln Hall on the 10th, 11th and 12th of January, for the purpose of urging upon Congress the passage of a "Declaratory Act" during the coming session.

Friends of Equal Rights are earnestly invited to make early arrangements for being present at this important gathering.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON,

President.

ISABELLA BEECHER HOOKER,

Chairman Executive Committee.

JOSEPHINE S. GRIFFING, Secretary.

## If the Baby is Cutting Teeth

Use that old and well-tried remedy

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.

Which greatly facilitates the process, and is sure to regulate the bowels. It relieves the child from pain corrects acidity and wind colic, and by giving the infant quiet, natural sleep, gives rest to the mother.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP  
For Children.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP  
Is pleasant to take.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP  
Is perfectly safe.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP  
Soothes the child.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP  
Gives rest to the child.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP  
Gives rest to the mother.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP  
Sold by all Druggists.

## NOTWITHSTANDING

THE GREAT ADVANCE IN

## CARPETING,

We still continue to sell at old prices.

## JOHN CROSSLEY & SONS'

BEST ENGLISH TAPESTRY BRUSSELS,  
\$1.25 to \$1.50.

AMERICAN TAPESTRY BRUSSELS,  
At \$1.40

ALSO A LARGE LINE OF

AMERICAN AXMINSTERS,  
Ranging in price from \$2.50 to \$3.50 per yard.

MOQUETTES, WILTONS, VELVETS,

BRUSSELS, THREE-PLYS, INGRAINS, ETC.

AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

J. P. CARL & CO.,

309 FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN, L. I.



J. WALKER, Proprietor. R. H. McDONALD & Co., Druggists and General Agents, San Francisco, Cal., and 32 & 34 Commerce St., N. Y.

**MILLIONS Bear Testimony to their Wonderful Curative Effects.** They are not a vile Fancy Drink, made of Poor Rum, Whiskey, Proof Spirits and Refuse Liquors, doctored, spiced and sweetened to please the taste, called "Tonics," "Appetizers," "Restorers," &c., that lead the tippler on to drunkenness and ruin, but are a true medicine, made from the native roots and herbs of California, free from all Alcoholic Stimulants. They are the **GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER** and a **LIFE GIVING PRINCIPLE**, a perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the System, carrying off all poisonous matter and restoring the blood to a healthy condition. No person can take these Bitters according to directions, and remain long unwell, provided their bones are not destroyed by mineral poison or other means, and the vital organs wasted beyond the point of repair.

They are a **Gentle Purgative** as well as a **Tonic**, possessing also, the peculiar merit of acting as a powerful agent in relieving Congestion or Inflammation of the Liver, and all the Visceral Organs.

**FOR FEMALE COMPLAINTS**, whether in young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood or at the turn of life, these Tonic Bitters have no equal.

**For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism and Gout, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder**, these Bitters have been most successful. Such Diseases are caused by Vitiated Blood, which is generally produced by derangement of the Digestive Organs.

**DYSPEPSIA OR INDIGESTION**, Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations of the Stomach, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the regions of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms are the offsprings of Dyspepsia.

They invigorate the Stomach and stimulate the torpid Liver and Bowels, which render them of unequalled efficacy in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system.

**FOR SKIN DISEASES**, Eruptions, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Blotches, Spots, Pimples, Fustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Ring-worms, Scald Head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Scurf, Discolorations of the Skin, Humors and Diseases of the Skin, of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the System in a short time by the use of these Bitters. One bottle in such cases will convince the most incredulous of their curative effects.

Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions, or Sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul, and your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure, and the health of the system will follow.

**Fits, Tape, and other Worms**, lurking in the system of so many thousands, are effectually destroyed and removed. Says a distinguished physiologist, there is scarcely an individual upon the face of the earth whose body is exempt from the presence of worms. It is not upon the healthy elements of the body that worms exist, but upon the diseased humors and slimy deposits that breed these living monsters of disease. No system of Medicine, no vermifuges, no anthelmintics, will free the system from worms like these Bitters.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers.

J. WALKER, Proprietor. R. H. McDONALD & CO., Druggists and General Agents, San Francisco, California, and 32 and 34 Commerce Street, New York.

#### GREAT CHANCE FOR AGENTS.

Do you want an agency, local or traveling, with a chance to make \$5 to \$30 per day selling our new 7-strand White Wire Clothes Lines? They last forever; sample free, so there is no risk. Address at once **Hudson River Wire Works**, 138 Maiden Lane, or Water St., N. Y., or 16 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. 1202-1217

## REST AND COMFORT

TO THE

## SUFFERING.

THE

## HOUSEHOLD PANACEA

AND

## Family Liniment

Is the best Remedy in the World for the following complaints, viz:

Cramp in the Limbs and Stomach,  
Pain in the Stomach, Bowels, or Side,  
Rheumatism in all its forms.

Neuralgia, Bilious Colic,  
Dysentery, Cholera,  
Fresh Wounds, Colds,  
Tooth Ache, Chapped Hands,  
Sore Throat, Burns,  
Sprains and Bruises, Spinal Complaints, Chills and Fever.

PURELY VEGETABLE AND ALL-HEALING.

FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.

PREPARED BY

CURTIS & BROWN,

No. 315 Fulton Street, N. Y.

The **HOUSEHOLD PANACEA** AND **FAMILY LINIMENT** will extract the fire from a burn immediately, and remove all pain and soreness. Also a sure cure for Dysentery and Summer Complaints, giving immediate relief.

**DIRECTIONS FOR USING:**

In all cases of Pain in the Side, Stomach, Back or Bowels, Dysentery and Summer Complaints, it should be taken internally, as follows:

To a tumbler half full of water put a table-spoonful or more of sugar; add to it a tea-spoonful of the **HOUSEHOLD PANACEA** AND **FAMILY LINIMENT**; mix them well together, and drink it.

In all cases of Sore Throat, either from Cold, Bronchitis, or any other cause, prepare the mixture as above, and take a tea-spoonful or two every hour or two through the day.

For Rheumatic Affections in the Limbs, Stomach or Back, Spinal Diseases, Stitches in the Back or Side, make a thorough external application with the **HOUSEHOLD PANACEA** AND **FAMILY LINIMENT**, in its full strength, rubbing it in well.

For Tooth Ache, wet a piece of cotton and put it to the tooth.

For a Cough and Pain in the Side, bathe the side and stomach well, and lay on a piece of dry cotton wadding or batting to the parts affected, which will produce a little irritation, and remove the difficulty to the skin and carry it off.

For Ague, make a like application to the face. It is best at all times, when making an external application, to take some of the above mixture internally; it quickens the blood and invigorates the system.

For Burns or Scalds, put it on in its full strength immediately after the accident.

For Cuts, wrap up the wound in the blood, and wet the bandage thoroughly with the **HOUSEHOLD PANACEA** AND **FAMILY LINIMENT**.

For Chills and Fever it is a certain and sure cure. Should be used freely externally about the chest, and taken internally at the same time. It quickens the blood and invigorates the whole system. No mistake about it.

PRICE, THIRTY-FIVE CENTS.

## BROWN'S

## VERMIFUGE COMFITS,

OR

## WORM LOZENGES.

Much sickness undoubtedly with children and adults attributed to other causes, is occasioned by worms. The "Vermifuge Comfits," although effectual in destroying worms, can do no possible injury to the most delicate child. This valuable combination has been successfully used by physicians, and found to be safe and sure in eradicating worms, so hurtful to children.

Children having worms require immediate attention, as neglect of the trouble often causes prolonged sickness.

Symptoms of worms in children are often overlooked. Worms in the stomach and bowels cause irritation, which can be removed only by the use of a sure remedy. The combination of ingredients used in making Brown's "Vermifuge Comfits" is such as to give the best possible effect with safety.

Boston, Jan. 27, 1864.

MEMBER, JOHN I. BROWN & SON:

As I have used your "Worm Comfits" in my practice for two years past with always good success, I have no hesitation in recommending them as a very superior preparation for the purposes for which they are intended. As I am aware they do not contain any mercury or other injurious substances, I consider them perfectly safe to administer even in the most delicate cases.

ALVAN HOBBS, M.D.

## DIRECTIONS.

Take each time—

ONE Lozenge for children from 1 to 3 years.

TWO " " " 3 to 4 "

THREE " " " 4 to 6 "

FOUR " " " over 6 "

Six Lozenges for adults.

To be taken in the morning before breakfast, and at night (bed time) for four or five days.

Commence again in a week, and give as before, if symptoms of worms are again observed.

JEREMIAH CURTIS & SONS,

New York,  
JOHN I. BROWN & SONS,  
Boston.

Proprietors

All orders should be addressed to

CURTIS & BROWN, 215 Fulton St., N. Y.

Sold by Druggists, Chemists and Dealers in Medicines at 25 cents per box.



PARLOR, LIBRARY, BED-ROOM,

AND

DINING

FURNITURE.

Solid Walnut Mantels,

Pier and Mantel Mirrors,

TOGETHER WITH

Connecting Cornices,

AND

Draperies,

AND PURE

HORSE-HAIR

UPHOLSTERY.

Young housekeepers especially should not forget this  
rm at

292 and 294 Fulton Street.

Comparatively strangers a year ago, they have succeeded in taking a stand with the first houses in the country, by their desire to give perfect satisfaction to all parties who may call, whether purchasing or not. They have been compelled to add the upper floors of one of the adjoining houses to fully show their large assortment. *Ed. Brooklyn Union*

## PLYE'S O. K. SOAP

SALERATUS AND

CREAM TARTAR.

First-Class Household Article.

Designed for the Best Family Powder.

Good Soap is the desideratum of every economical housekeeper, yet the market is flooded with that which has the semblance, but not the qualities of real soap; and consumers thereof unconsciously incur an extravagant expenditure in the course of time. Pyle's "O. K." is a pure article, the economy of which has been thoroughly established. Pyle's Saleratus and Cream Tartar are also unadulterated articles, and are well known to thousands of intelligent consumers in New York and New England. We can refer to the Editors of this paper, or parade columns of testimonials, but knowing that our articles will speak for themselves, we solicit a trial. If your Grocer recommends some other, depend upon it he has his own interest in view and not yours. JAMES PYLE, Manufacturer, 350 Washington street, New York.

EXPECT COLD WEATHER.

### BURTIS BASE BURNING FURNACE.

Has been pronounced by leading architects and scientific men to be THE MOST DESIRABLE FURNACE ever invented, in that it has the largest radiating surface; consumes its own gases; is a perpetual Burner; and circulates the air most rapidly, in the purest state and largest volume.

### The Burtis Fire-Place Heater.

Improvement on the Morning Glory.  
PATENTED JULY 4, 1871.

This wonderful Heater will sit in an ordinary Fire-place, and will warm a parlor and two sleeping rooms beside. It is as cheerful as an open grate; is free from dust; requires but one kindling the entire Winter, and is without an equal in the world.

THE EMPIRE

### HEATING RANGE.

Greatest Success of the Age.

This Range will warm from two to four upper rooms with the same fire required for cooking.

SEND FOR OUR DESCRIPTIVE CIRCULAR.

Burtis, Graff & Rice,

206 Water street, N. Y., Cor. Fulton.  
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### IT HAS NO EQUAL!

THE COLBY  
PREMIUM

Wringer

Turns  
so Easy  
a Child  
can  
Use it.



COLBY BROS. & CO.,

Manufacturers,  
509 Broadway, N. Y.

Warranted in every case.

AGENTS wanted everywhere, to  
paid. 12801

### BOYNTON'S

Brick-Set and Portable, Anthracite and Bituminous Coal

FURNACES,

FOR CHURCHES, DWELLINGS, STORES, ETC., ETC.

Thirty years' experience in manufacturing these goods have given us a stock superior to any in market. Send for circulars.

RICHARDSON, BOYNTON & Co., 234 Water St., N. Y.  
1301-3m

### SILVER-PLATED WARE.

THE

Meriden Britannia Company

No. 199 Broadway, N. Y.,

OFFER A MOST COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF

Fine Electro-Plated Table Ware.

Also a large variety of fancy articles in Silver-Plated Ware, suitable for Presents.

1309-1314

### AKROPAUAMEDE!

"What I Know of Insanity.

An important new work, entitled

"THE TEMPLE;"

OF, DISEASES OF THE BRAIN AND NERVES, Developing the origin and philosophy of Mania, Insanity and Crime, with Full Directions and Prescriptions for their Treatment and Cure.

BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS,

Author of Twenty volumes on the "Harmonical Philosophy," etc.

A large, handsome volume of 460 pages; beautifully printed and bound, with an original frontispiece. Cloth edition, \$1.50. Postage, 20 cents. Paper, \$1.

Address the publishers, WM. WHITE & CO., At the "Banner of Light" Bookstore, 168 Washington street, Boston, Mass.; also our New York Agents, the American News Company, 119 Nassau street, New York.